An Excellent New Ballad,

To the Tune of *How Unhappy is* Phillis *in Love.*

[1]

LEt *Oliver* now be forgotten,
His Policy's quite out of Dores;
Let *Bradſhaw* and *Hewſon* lie rotten,
Like Sons of Fanatical Whores:
For *Tony's* grown a Patrician,
By Voting damn'd Sedition,
For many years,
Fam'd Polititian,
The Mouth of all Presbyter Peers.

[2]

Old *Tony* a Turn-coat at *Worſter*,
Yet ſwore he'd mantain the King's Right;
But *Tony* did Swagger and Bluſter,
Yet never drew Sword on his ſide.
For *Tony* is like an old Stallion,
He has ſtill the Pox of Rebellion,
And never was ſound;
Like the *Camelion*,
Still changing his Shape and his Ground.

[3]

Old *Rowly's* return'd (Heav'ns bleſs him,)
From Exile and Danger ſet free;
Old *Tony* made haſte to Addreſs him,
And ſwore none more Loyal than He:
The King, (who knew him a Traytor,)
And ſaw him ſquint like a Satyr;
Yet through his Grace,
Pardon'd the Matter,
And gave him ſince the *Purſe* and the *Mace*.

[4]

And now little *Chancellor Tony*,
With Honour had feather'd his Wing,
And carefully pick'd up the Mony,
But never a Groat for the King:
But *Tony's* Luck was confounded;
The D. who ſmoakt him a Round-head;
From Head to Heel
Tony was ſounded,
And *T*— ſoon put a Spoke in his Wheel.

[5]

But now little *Tony* in Paſſion,
Like Boy that had nettl'd his Breech,
Maliciouſly took an occaſion,
To make a moſt delicate Speech;
He told the King like a Croney;
If e're he hop'd to have Money,
He muſt be Rul'd:
Oh fine *Tony*!
Was ever Potent Monarch ſo School'd?

[6]

The King iſſues out a *Proclamation*,
By Learned and Loyal Advice;
But *Tony* poſſeſſes the Nation
The Councel will never be wiſe:
For *Tony* is madder and madder,
And *M*—— blows like a Bladder,
And *L*—— too,
Who grows gladder,
That They Great *York* are like to ſubdue.

[7]

But Deſtiny ſhortly will croſs it,
For *Tony's* grown Gouty and Sick,
In ſpite of his Spiggot and Fawcet,
The States-man muſt go to *Old Nick*;
For *Tony* rails at the *Papiſt*,
Yet He himſelf is an *Atheiſt*;
Though ſo preciſe,
Fooliſh and Apiſh,
Like Holy *Quack* or *Prieſt* in Diſguiſe.

[8]

But now let this Rump of the Law-ſee,
A Maxim as Learned in part;
Who e're with his Prince is too ſawcy,
'Tis fear'd he's a Traytor in's Heart:
Then *Tony* ceaſe to be witty,
By buzzing Treaſon i'th' City;
And love the King,
So ends my Dity;
Or elſe let him die like a Dog in a ſtring.

Printed for *Benjamin Harris* at the *Stationers Arms* at the *Royal Exchange*, and are to be ſold by *Langley Curtis* in *Goatham Court* on *Ludgate-hill*, 1681.